

The American

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ARTHUR EDWARD POWELL
Editor and Publisher

EDITORIALS

PEOPLE GETTING WEARY

The people of Jackson county are getting mighty weary of the constant howl of "law enforcement breakdown," and "miscarriage of justice." Llewellyn A. Banks, editor and publisher of the Daily News constantly hurls his lightning bolts against the District Attorney and others without getting anywhere.

We hold no brief for George Codding except that we have yet seen no serious case of flagrant abuse of office by Mr. Codding. We certainly have no reason to be anxious to uphold Mr. Banks, either. But we do feel that after all is said, what good does all this howling do?

Mr. Ruhl of the Mail Tribune suggests having the whole matter investigated by a special grand jury and a special prosecutor. What good will that do? We have had a coroner's jury, a regular grand jury, a special grand jury and a special prosecutor in the Dahack case. Has anything been really settled? Not yet.

We feel the best thing to do is just ignore the whole thing and above all SHUT UP! Who cares a darn, anyway. What we want and need in this county is for all to pull together to get this country out of the dumps. If you meet a civit cat on the road, if you are wise you will just quietly walk around him and not start throwing stones. The more of this stuff that is printed the worse off we all are.

So lets let it all slide and get busy minding our own business. If Banks could not bring evidence of anything but heresy before the regular grand jury, how in h— can he produce anything better before a special grand jury? A man whose mind is so twisted that he sees personal enmity against himself in such editorial utterances as Mr. Ruhl's able and very fair eulogy on Judge Norton a few days ago, can never be convinced he CAN be wrong about anything.

So let's call it a day.

PUBLIC SERVICE FROM RELIEF EXPENDITURES

As an outlet for surplus labor highways offer the best opportunity inasmuch as they are about the only thing that can be produced without glutting the market, according to the president of the American Association of State Highway Officials.

THE RAILROAD ENIGMA

The railroads are among our largest taxpayers. In normal times they are the most important employers of labor and purchasers of supplies. They perform a vital service which no other agency can yet duplicate.

When we deliberately cripple a basic industry we all pay the bill. We pay it in unemployment, in depressed business, in smaller tax receipts for the public treasury. At present most industries suffer from low earning capacity—but that has been the condition of the railroads ever since the war, due largely to an overdose of restrictive regulation.

The government should keep out of business. All through history government business projects have been notorious failures. This will not change.—Cyrus H. Curtis.

AUTOMOBILE FINANCIAL RESPONSIBILITY LAWS

One of the greatest problems incident to the distressing automobile accident situation is the financial irresponsibility of a surprising number of persons who operate automobiles on state highways.

Many states have already recognized the immediate necessity of eliminating this danger. According to the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters, 29 states have enacted financial responsibility laws as have four of the Canadian provinces.

These laws have obvious advantages. Primarily they avoid compulsory insurance, an idea obnoxious both to insurance companies and the insuring public as has been aptly demonstrated in Massachusetts. They promote the cause of safe driving and help to eliminate reckless, careless and incompetent drivers.

The laws are enthusiastically supported by the American Automobile Association. In fact, in most of the states where the statutes are in force, the law has been patterned after the one drawn up by the A. A. A. The law in New Hampshire is generally recognized as the ideal type.

With the curve of automobile accidents rising, it is apparent that every effort must be made to reduce both the frequency and severity of accidents. It is to be hoped that laws compelling an automobile owner to show proof of his financial responsibility will find their way into the statute books of every state.

Man-made Weather To Be Feature of S. P. Rail Travel

SAN FRANCISCO, June 9.—"Man-made weather," produced to meet the comfort requirements of railroad passengers irrespective of the season or the climate, today had become a part of the stock-in-trade of Southern Pacific Company.

The new service feature was introduced in the form of fourteen new air-conditioned dining cars, the most advanced type of passenger train equipment, which will be utilized on the transcontinental runs of Southern Pacific's crack San Francisco Overland Limited and Golden State Limited trains.

Employing the latest system of air-conditioning, the cars are kept constantly flooded with fresh, clean air, washed free of dust and other impurities and with temperature maintained at correct relative humidity by thermostatic control. E. W. Clapp, general passenger traffic manager for Southern Pacific, expressed belief that the cars will greatly enhance travel comfort in both summer and winter.

All outside air brought into the cars goes through filters, where dirt and dust are removed. It is mixed with inside recirculated air, humidified or de-humidified and heated or cooled as conditions require, Clapp said. The conditioned air is then evenly distributed, without draughts, through ducts on both sides of the cars and through outlets into the dining room.

Supplying air in this way creates a slight pressure inside the cars, which prevents dirt and dust from entering and keeps the cars perfectly clean and dustless at all times.

The entire system, except for a manual starting switch, Clapp said, is automatically controlled by heating, cooling and humidity thermostats, to suit varying conditions.

Caged

—By—
Courtney Ryley Cooper

(Continued from last week)
Joe remembered little but the crowding and clattering noise as they went down the stairs. Once on the sidewalk, he looked for a patrol car. There was none; only a sleek-looking car, with drawn side curtains and a glow from crimson headlights. A jangling bell began to sound after the machine had started, drowning out other noises. Soon the machine stopped, and he was led inside a building, to a desk where a white-haired, disinterested man in shirt-sleeves, asked him questions and wrote the answers down in a book.

Then the locks of the handcuffs clicked raspily, as a barred door closed behind him, and another man in shirt-sleeves, fat, disinterested, impersonal, took him by the arm. Joe saw rows and rows of barred places to his right and faces peering out at him. The turnkey swung a door and gave Joe Barry a gently push. The prisoner's muscles galvanized.

"You're not going to put me in there!" he begged. "I didn't do anything, I swear I didn't do anything!"

"I'm just the turnkey; I don't even know what you're in for."

"But, please, can't I talk to somebody? You could do that for me."

"Park yourself on that bunk in there," answered the turnkey. "You'll get a chance to do all the talking you want in a little while."

Then his big key turned the lock and he was gone. Somehow like blurred clouds before the dawn, the minutes dragged by. Then the turnkey came, as disinterestedly as before, and unlocked the cell.

"Captain wants to see you."

This time, it was into a room that they took him, where a big man with much gold on his uniform, rolled in a loose-pivoted chair. Pete Maxwell was there, too, and Ed and Jerry and Jake. Three packages wrapped in brown paper, were on the table, and an envelope from which currency protruded.

The captain brushed that aside, and with thick fingers broke the strings of the larger packages. From behind Joe Barry's eyes, a sudden pressure began to make itself felt, as if thumbs were pushing them outward. The rattling paper had revealed two heaters or automatic pistols and the ugly outlines of a Tommy or Thompson machine gun.

"Well, Sport," said the captain monotonously, "what about this hardware?"

"I don't know anything about it. I never saw the stuff before. It was put in my room today while I was away."

"So?" the captain looked up. "Away where?"

Joe Barry's lower jaw shot open, and hung there. If he told that, he also must tell whom he saw and where he went. Involuntarily he winced, as Sue Dayton might wince if she knew that the young fellow whom she had wanted for her ring mate was tainted by accusations.

"I just went out of town for a day."

"It's a big country, where?"

Joe Barry's eyes took on a desperate fire.

"I won't tell you!"

The captain looked at him blandly. "Oh, all right," he said, "sit down."

They moved a chair to the end of the table; Ed and Jerry sat down, too, then Jake. The captain picked up the evil-looking machine gun and eyed it carefully.

"So somebody sneaked this into your room. Who for instance?"

Barry straightened with hope.

"His name is Martin. He's a lawyer. I got fired last night down at Louie Bertolini's place and this lawyer said he had a job for me. He gave me some money and told me to go out into the country and take a day off. Then I could come back tonight and tell him whether I wanted to go thru with this deal or not. He said he had a friend who'd gotten into some trouble over some liquor and he wanted me to take his place. So I—"

"Don't make a speech about it," said the captain quietly. "We'll get

at things one at a time. Martin, you said the name was?"

"Yes, sir."

"The town's full of Martins, which one?"

"His name is John B. Martin," came tonelessly. "He's an attorney and his offices are down at 60 Wall street."

"Sure of that, are you?" The name evidently had made no impression upon the captain. He raised his eyes and gave a slight jerk of his head. "Take him back," he commanded. Barry clung to the table.

"But there's a lot more to tell!" he begged. "I haven't got anything to hide. I want to tell you just how I happened to get into this mess."

"Don't tear your shirt," admonished the captain quietly. Then to Pete: "Take him back."

Again the metallic clatter of his heels; again the faces and bars, and the sight of a frowsy woman peering out from under her hair. Then he was alone, sitting on his slatted iron cot, hands sweating one moment between his knees, the next instant rubbing at his hot cheeks or across his burning eyes. He rose and paced three steps one way, three steps back, bumping against the steel plates at one end, the rough bars at the other. Suddenly he settled, with fearful determination.

They hadn't believed him when he told about Mr. Martin. Maybe they'd question him again. That's it, they'd bring him out and question him for a while, then send him back to forget what he'd said. But he must not forget one thing; they could burn him in oil if they wanted to, but he mustn't forget one thing. He'd make up a story about where he'd been today, and he'd stick to it. Other things faded—just that a girl should not know; this seemed to be all that counted now. Minutes dragged by. He mustn't forget to keep quiet about where he'd been today. An hour passed. The turnkey came and unlocked his cell. They went back to the captain's office.

"Sit down," said the captain. Then everybody seemed to forget him, except a fifth person who was now in the room, a tall, grey-haired man with some distinguishing characteristics who came to the other end of the table and looked intently at him.

"No," he said after a long time. "Sure?" asked the captain. "Absolutely."

(To Be Continued)

Pick Up Yo' Feet

Pick up yo' feet; don't shuffle along! Raise up yo' haid; start humming a song!

Look wif a smile at folks what you meet; Lif' up yo' haid, chile; pick up yo' feet!

Raise up yo' thoughts; look up at the sky! Lif' up yo' voice sing: "Hebben is nigh!"

Send all de glooms back whar dey belong; Lif' up yo' feet, an' raise up yo' song!

Stick out yo' chest, an' th'ow out yo' voice! Put back yo' shoulders; praise an' rejoice!

Join dat joy chorus; make it complete. Lif' up yo' heart, an' pick up yo' feet!

—Douglas Hurn

HI-WAYS TO HEALTH

by ADA R. MAYNE
OREGON DAIRY COUNCIL

Warm Weather Hints

With the advent of summer and warm weather we find that our appetites need whetting. At this time of year the diet should be made appetizing through the liberal use of seasonal foods. With the variety of crisp green vegetables, berries and fruit there should be no need for waning appetites if they are used freely.

The body food requirements remain practically the same the year around, although a diet of the cool and easily prepared food is better adapted to hot weather needs. In order to assure a quart of milk daily for members of your family use a part of it is cooling milk shakes. They are easy to prepare and even the children can make them with but little practice.

Delicious ice creams can be made easily and economically in your own kitchen. Ice cream made of pure materials is a wholesome and nutritious food as well as a confection. It affords a way of giving milk that is satisfying to all members of the family, no matter how often it is served. A great variety of desserts is possible by using different sauces or crushed fruits with ice cream.

If you have an abundance of strawberries try these strawberry recipes. Your family will be delighted.

Strawberry Milk Shake
1 qt. strawberries
½ cup sugar

In Oregon Homes

COVE—How to make tomato paste for use in winter soups and gravies is told by one of the thrifty and skilful homemakers of Cove.

"Use ripe tomatoes and cook them as for canning," she says, "then mash them. A potato ricer is best for this purpose since it removes all seeds. After mashing cook the pulp as dry as possible without burning it, then spread it on plates and set in a warm place. The paste should be about half an inch thick. When it dries on top, turn it over. When dry it will be brownish red in color."

"This tomato paste comes in handy often in winter and spring to add to anything in which you like tomatoes. For a good rich gravy in a pot roast it cannot be beat and it improves beans or soup of any kind. Dissolve it in a little water or add the paste direct to soup or gravy."

GRANTS PASS—"Homemade living" is really accomplished in Josephine county according to co-operators on the year 'round garden project, supervised by Sara Wertz, home demonstration agent, and H. B. Howells, agricultural agent. One farm homemaker says, "Our family has absolutely lived out of our garden. We have had some sort of fresh vegetable available throughout the year, beginning with spinach in February."

FOSSIL—"Our kitchen is quite pretty now" remarked a young homemaker of Wheeler county recently when speaking of inexpensive kitchen improvements. "In the middle of the floor we placed an imperfect piece of linoleum with one border missing. We painted the border around it, so that the total cost is less than \$4.50."

2½ cups cold milk
1 tbspn. lemon juice
Crush the washed and hulled berries. There should be 2 cups of crushed berries. Add sugar and lemon juice and set in ice box to chill. When ready to serve turn the berry mixture into the cold milk and shake well. Serve with whipped cream. This makes 4 servings.

Strawberry Ice Cream
1 qt. well ripened strawberries
1 tbspn. lemon juice
3-4 cup milk
1-4 cup sugar
1½ cup cream
1-4 tsp. salt

Press the washed and hulled berries thru a sieve being careful to press the seeds through. There should be at least 1½ cups of berry pulp. Add the lemon juice to the pulp and sugar to the milk. Heat milk until sugar is dissolved. Cool, add cream and salt and combine with the berry mixture. Freeze at once, using one part of coarse salt and one parts of finely crushed ice. This yields 1½ quarts.

Strawberry Tarts
4 eggs yolks
1-3 cup sugar
1½ cups scalded milk
1-4 tsp. vanilla
6 baked tart shells
1 qt. strawberries, well ripened

Whipped Cream
Beat egg yolks slightly. Add sugar and scalded milk. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until the custard coats the spoon. Cool and add flavoring. Just before serving turn the custard into tart shells to a depth of ½ inch. Over this place strawberries, halved and sweetened and top with whipped cream.

Other warm weather suggestions will be sent upon request to Oregon Dairy Council, 112 Citizen's Bldg. Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

Newberg—New Masonic Temple under construction at corner Sherman and Blaine streets.

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SPECIALS

FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 17 and 18

- MARSHMALLOWS ½ pound 10c
- OLD DUTCH BLUING 12-oz. Bottle 10c
- VINEGAR Flask-shaped Bottles 25c
- CORN STARCH Calumet—3 1-lb. pkgs. 25c
- SHORTENING Bulk—Bring Container—Per lb. 9c
- COFFEE American Club—Per lb. 18c
- TOILET TISSUE Per 1000-sheet Roll 5c
- JAR RUBBERS Pe-Ko Edge—Double Lip—Per box 5c
- CHEESE Ladino—Per lb. 18c

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